
Title: DIABOLICAL TRAPS

Author:

DIARY OF DIABOLICAL
TRAPS

I, Seliashor, am
accompanying a score of
soldiers and scholars
ordered to retrieve the
Golden Orb. I was chosen
for my knowledge of
traps; a specialty
particularly suited for a
journey into unknown
lands controlled by a mind
such as the Fiend's.

First Level--The first
trap! A soldier, wandering
into an alcove, found
himself separated from
his command by poison
fields! I had the good
fortune to be looking his
way when he triggered
the trap; it is obviously
of magical nature. If this
is all we will face, the
ring will surely be ours.

Second Level--The Fiend
has raised the stakes!
We discovered a large
cavern, in which were
numerous statues of
harpies and decorative
suits of armor. We had
immediately deduced that
these were traps and
would smite us if we
stepped to near, but the
real trap was more
cleverly hidden! Caltrops,
painted to match the
color of the floor, drew
a great deal of blood
from the soldiers as they
gingerly avoided the
obvious statue traps.
Clever.

Second Level--We have discovered the next trap. A small number of chests, clustered together, proved to be explosive if tampered with. Amateurish--I spotted the trap before any of the foolish soldiers could tamper with it.

Third Level--Three soldiers entered a completely barren cavern and triggered a truly fiendish trap. When they reached the center of the room, we heard the sound of a bell. Nervous seconds passed. Just when we relaxed, a spell of terrifyingly destructive nature went off. The soldiers were consumed in flames which appeared from empty air, disappeared, and reappeared in other locations. Had they fled from the room, they would have lived. There was a body in there, and my mind's eye can still see the light cast from our torches glinting of a golden object in its hands. If it was the orb, it is lost, for not one of our number dares to face the flames. I think it was naught but a gold statue or somesuch; more accurately, I hope it was.

Third Level--we sent another soldier to his death. He was sent into the narrow mouth of a cavern. I knew he would not return. When he entered the cavern, an energy field appeared in the narrow opening! Neither I nor our wizard had Dispel Field in our spellbooks; he was left to

die. He was one of the
last soldiers alive; our
prospects for survival are
grim.